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COUNTRY RAMBLES.

EYES AND NO EYES.

To how many people is it said: 'You should take exercise. Be in the open air as much as possible.' And day after day the prescribed walk is taken, perhaps along a straight road devoid of interest; or across a heath or common where the only enjoyment is that of the fresh air which fans the cheek and raises the spirits of all alike, whether the pedestrian be he who asks 'whence it comes and whither it goeth,' or one of the many who concern themselves but little about Nature and her workings, and are content to go through the world blind to her attractions. Some interest in the external world as seen in the country, or even in towns and their suburbs, is essential, if we wish to get the full benefit of the exercise now recognised as an important part of every prescription for health. To walk through a country lane or even a suburban park in the early spring-time, with a mind incapable of being diverted from the ordinary cares of life by natural surroundings, is to lose health as well as pleasure; and it is with a view of pointing out some of the objects most worth attention and thought, that we would endeavour to add something like a charm to the prescription of the physician, and also to the ramblings of those who, unconscious of the search for health, are on the right road to preserve it.

It seems almost as if early life and early associations had more to do with the love of Nature than with any other sentiment of the mind. Children from their very infancy love flowers, and plants, and animals. We could tell tales of the childhood of men now professors of natural science in our universities, in which three pet slow-worms, a couple of large toads, and a kitten, formed a conspicuous feature. But if we commit our children in their daily walks utterly and entirely to the guidance and care of an ignorant nursemaid, who regards all wild-flowers as 'rub-bish,' and lizards and worms as 'poisonous beasts,' what can we expect? The late Professor Henslowe of Cambridge was not only Professor of Botany in

the university, but he had a country living at Hitcham, and a village school in which he took much interest. He had a botanical class for the elder girls in the school, and encouraged all who would learn, to gain an acquaintance with the plants of the district. He got them to gather and collect the flowers growing in the fields or by the wayside on the road to school, and gave prizes for such as secured the greatest variety of a certain genus of plants or made the best dried collection. By teaching them to observe correctly, he sharpened all their perceptive faculties; and the inspector of schools reported that this school was far above the average in the district in every respect—the only novel feature in its arrangements being the introduction of botany as a study. The practical utility of this was soon found out, for the neighbouring families were only too anxious to secure nursemaids from amongst these village botanists; and we know that many a long walk has been beguiled, and many a weary hour in the nursery improved, by the collection, arrangement, and drying of the flowers of a district, and a refined and cultivated taste excited in very early life, which would never have been roused but for the efforts of the good professor in his Suffolk village school.

It is true that the inhabitants of towns are greatly debarred from making very intimate acquaintance with the 'beauties that Flora displays,' but there are few who do not at times take to the open country; and the parks, gardens, and museums of our towns are now so numerous as to supply the best means of education and training for those who intend hereafter to make collections for themselves. An intelligent governess or mother in the daily walk with the little ones will find the names of nearly all the chief trees of our parks and public gardens plainly inscribed on their respective tablets; and these, when once learned, add greatly to the interest of a country walk, or even to the study of a picture or gallery of pictures. How few artists give to our common trees their true and distinguishing characteristics, and until lately how still fewer thought it worth while to represent

vegetation correctly. We have seen a picture with pears on the trees, and primroses blossoming on the bank below; a sight never beheld in nature. Much has been done by the Pre-Raphaelite school of artists to check these errors, and Nature is more fairly dealt with now in our picture-galleries than she used to be.

To those who are obliged to spend a great part of their lives in cities we would say: Use the means at your command to understand that which possibly may only please your country-cousin, who admires with wonder, but does not go any further. You have ready-made collections in the great metropolitan and local museums waiting for you to study. And we well know how great an assistance it is, during the patient study of any one particular subject in natural science, to walk into a museum, and there find endless illustrations of what we have tried to understand, whether it be the form of an animal, the colour of a flower, or the arrangement of the geological strata of any part of the British Isles.

It is an excellent thing to encourage children to collect what they see and can pick up in their walks, and to arrange and learn the nature of their treasures, at home. A little cabinet or simple chest of small drawers is an endless source of instructive pleasure, for here can be neatly deposited the flowers gathered in the country excursion—classified and named—in one drawer; in another, shells and stones preserved since the last sea-side visit; and perhaps also the very road-side flints, broken open by a hammer, shewing the nature of their formation, and in the centre the nucleus of a shell or petrified sponge around which the flint has been deposited. We know that such a simple collection as this has given the impetus necessary to make a naturalist; and that where pence and shillings would have been spent by the ordinary schoolboy in tarts and sweetmeats, and perhaps tobacco, the child whose tastes are thus directed, prefers to buy a rare sea-bird's egg for his collection, or to take a trip to a neighbouring quarry, hammer in hand, to see what treasures he can find for his museum. Well for him if he have an intelligent friend at hand to explain many things to be met with in his country rambles. If not, he must grope about for himself; and with a choice of the very many inexpensive manuals now to be obtained, he may soon find out the names and classes of his plants, and learn how to dry and arrange and name them so as to form an herbarium. Then, if he have a little collection of butterflies, moths, and other insects, he soon identifies them from drawings, description, or from the specimens in the town museum; and it is a work of interest to negotiate exchanges of different specimens with other collectors.

With what pleasure will a youth, thus prepared to enjoy what is to be found in the woods and fields, look forward to his country excursions, even if they be only for a day at a time! We will imagine it spring-time in one of the English counties—not such a spring as that we have been

enduring, but a bright genial old-fashioned spring, when the leaves on every tree seem to contrast with the dark lines of the stems which support them, and the delicate fresh untarnished green is so refreshing to the eye, that we gaze in peaceful admiration without asking what tree it may be that looks so lovely. The eye passes on; and the next mass of foliage that arrests it is so different in character, that we recall our early lessons, and recognise one as the waving ash, and the other as the stately horse-chestnut tree. Yes, there are the beautiful rosy-tipped spikes of snowy blossom! We reach up and gather a spray, and recollect that this is the tree which forms one of the most magnificent objects in an English landscape; whether we see it in the spring with its wonderful buds, the best examples that a botanist can find to illustrate that stage of vegetation; or later in the year by a few weeks, when it looks as if decked with lamps for some gala or jubilee, with its superb hyacinth-like pyramids of white blossoms flushed, like sea-shells, with pink and yellow. In the autumn, when the ground is bestrewn with its large, shining, mahogany-coloured seeds, do we not all recollect how, in bygone days, we filled our pockets and pinafores with these treasures, to be carried back to the school-room or nursery; and how annoying it was to find that they were not good to eat!

'Seeds, are these?' says the little one whose pinafore is full. 'Tell me about them. How do they grow? Are they like the seeds we plant in the garden? Will they grow into a great tree like this one?'

Well for the child if these questions can be simply answered; and if the nature of seed, its manner of growth and the whole process of germination, be illustrated, as it easily may be, by a saucer full of the commonest seeds covered with water—which may be changed occasionally, and left for ten days or so—till the little embryo begins to shew, and the internal economy of a seed is rendered evident even to a child's eye.

In our rambles we very soon find that the plants and even the animals vary according to position; whether we seek for them in the woods and hedges, the open fields, by the river-side, on rocks and walls, in waste places, in bogs and marshes, on bleak wild commons, by the side of the mountain, or on the sea-shore. Each has its locality; and it is interesting to observe how seldom they leave their homes to settle elsewhere. The nature of the soil often determines the habitation of a plant, and the student of botany can scarcely fail to learn something of geology also. When we see that a plant which flourishes on a chalk cliff, withers and dies when transplanted to the rich soil of an alluvial valley, we begin to ask, how these different strata were formed; how is it that in one field we see huge flints lying about, and lumps of chalk mixed with the soil, and in another, perhaps not many miles off, such a thing as a flint is not to be found in the red dry sand which covers the land? For instance, that pretty blue butterfly is found nowhere off the chalk. We know it as the *Chalk Hill Blue*. It is found chiefly in the south of England—never in Scotland, and settles on plants such as the vetch, the bird's-foot trefoil, &c., where in its chrysalis state it had fed.

But if we go in for butterfly-hunting, we could fill a volume with an account of adventures—of

hair-breadth escapes when 'sugaring for moths,' as the boys call it—that is, spreading sugar or treacle and water on the trees and hedges of a country lane, and then going out after dark with a lantern to capture the unwary insects, attracted by the sweet meal prepared for them. Well can we recollect being seized by a coast-guard, and roughly stopped with our shining lantern, when moth-hunting one dark night on the Suffolk coast. We never quite understood, in our fright, whether he said our light would mislead the ships at sea, or whether he took us for smugglers. We nearly fell over the cliff ourselves in our terror, and left the moths to enjoy their sweets undisturbed in that district for the future. There is skill even in butterfly-hunting, and great excitement prevails amongst collectors when rare species are secured uninjured, and carefully mounted and preserved. The Purple Emperor is perhaps the most magnificent of British butterflies. He is renowned for his extensive flight, and almost invariably fixes his throne on the summit of a lofty oak, from the utmost sprigs of which, on fine sunny days, he sets out on his aerial excursions. He is not imperial in anything but his attire, for his tastes as to food are of the most depraved description. Those who have been most successful in capturing Purple Emperors tell us that they have had to take up their station near any dead garbage in the neighbourhood; and one collector says that on a scorching day in July he had the satisfaction of securing three Purple Emperors, who descended from their thrones to breakfast on dead stoats and weasels, which had been hung in some bushes as a terror to evil-doers. The head of a dead cat nailed to a door attracted as many; and it must be acknowledged that the poetic idea of butterflies sipping nectar from the flowers, and drinking in ambrosial honey, was sadly dispelled by the sight and smell of the dainties chosen by this imperial palate.

Our chat on a butterfly has drifted us into the summer, and we think that perhaps no suggestions of ours are necessary to render a fine bright summer's day in the country enjoyable, even to a blind man. The very sounds that meet the ear as we sit on a bank by the wayside are full of sweetness; and we think, even to those who cannot see, that it must add to the pleasure of the hour to recognise the songs of birds and the sounds of insects. But the eyes that *can* see and yet convey no pleasurable impressions to a brain, do not fulfil all their functions, and we recall the tale of our childhood, 'Eyes and no Eyes,' and feel thankful that, by reason of the patient teaching and example of a dear naturalist friend who has finished his work here, we can see, and that we now can help others to see likewise.

The early summer-time is a very enjoyable season for a country ramble; and to many a boy the ramble is not complete unless he discovers birds' nests. But birds' eggs—so much coveted by school-boys—should be very charily taken, or where is our concert when the spring-time shall again come? And on this we would offer a piece of kindly admonition; if the object really be to make a collection of British eggs, we think the good mother-bird would give one of her eggs, if asked. We would plead that the nest be untouched, and but one egg taken from it. By this means no harm is done, and the mother-bird does not miss

the stolen treasure. Carefully blown, arranged on cotton-wool or in little card-boxes in a drawer of our cabinet, a tastefully selected collection of birds' eggs is very interesting and pretty.

So with butterflies and moths. We greatly deprecate the practice of capturing and wantonly destroying these beautiful creatures, simply for the sake of catching them. To complete a collection, or to study their structure, it is necessary to take them; but even then we hope that none of our readers will fail to observe gentleness and care in the operation, remembering that the struggles of a captured insect betray an organisation sensitively alive to pain. Irrespective of this condition, it has always appeared to us especially repugnant to see the delicate painted wings of a moth or butterfly heedlessly crushed and mutilated; and we would teach our children as much respect for this form of beauty—by many held so cheaply, because it is so abundant—as for the works of man's art, costly and difficult to obtain, but scarcely able to vie with Nature in her perfection. We know but too well how precious is this power of taking delight in what costs so little, to those who do not possess the means of attaining that which costs much. By cultivating these tastes, and giving the knowledge to our children on which to form these tastes, we are bestowing on them a gift which cannot be taken from them, and which in their maturer years will open out its full value, when perhaps many of the pleasures of young life are over, and they are left alone with Nature and the memories of the past.

But does the interest of the country walk cease when the summer is over, and the autumnal tints of autumn have disappeared? No; even the very return of winter brings its pleasures. The beautiful moss and lichens that are unobserved when verdure is luxuriant, now attract attention, and their study and collection add quite a charm to a winter excursion. The chrysalides of many moths and butterflies are found in the winter, and can be preserved and hatched the following spring. And the long evenings and wet days indoors may afford ample leisure for the arrangement of the treasures collected during the year. Each one of the subjects we have but mentioned is a study in itself, and has its special exponent and class of literature.

It has always seemed to us that botany is of all the sciences one of the easiest to study, and the best for those who cannot go far from home, or who have not large resources. True, if pursued, it leads on to other aspirations, and undoubtedly will suggest the use of the microscope, beginning with a pocket-lens, which may be purchased for half-a-crown. What instrument combines instruction and amusement more perfectly than this? But before we can use it with advantage, we must learn the full use of the unassisted eye, gaining all we can from its intelligent use, and we are then able to welcome the aid of the artificial eye of the microscope. What eyes would be to a blind man, the microscope is to the unassisted vision; and we think the eyes of those who have trained and educated their observing faculties, are almost as different from the eyes of those who have never tried to see what is to be seen in the world of Nature. The more we exercise any of our senses, the sharper they become. Cannot the sailor detect a sail on the horizon when it is

invisible to the landsman, or the Eskimo an Arctic fox as it runs over snow no whiter than itself, when an unpractised eye would see nothing! So it is with the naturalist who has worked and thought carefully over the objects which surround him in this beautiful world. His senses are keener and more alive to impressions from Nature than those of other men. At a glance he can tell you the habits of an animal by looking at its jaw or its feet, or the particulars in the earth's history, of any region or plot of ground, by looking at its rocks and stones. Much is being done now in the right direction, and science is daily becoming more appreciated, not only, we hope and believe, for the vast amount of human comfort and wealth opened out by the application of her treasures, but for the genuine, pure delight to be found in her pursuit, and for the elevating and refining influence which she exerts on all her true disciples and lovers, be they ever so humble or uninstructed.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—FAREWELLS.

THERE were other partings that would have wrung Dalton's heart, had it not been already wrung out to the very core.

Jeff, with his large black eyes filled with unaccustomed tears, had a word with him in private. 'God bless you, Mr Dalton,' faltered he; 'you have always been a good friend to me, and I am very, very sorry'—

'Never mind, my lad; all will come right with us, no doubt,' interrupted Dalton cheerfully. 'You must not give way like that, but help to keep up their spirits, now I have left them. My wife and the girls—and of course Tony—will be looking to you for that, you know.'

'Yes, yes; that is what I wished to say; for though, as I said, you have been always good to me, Mrs Dalton—she—I would lay down my life for Mrs Dalton!' cried the lad with energy; 'and Kitty—I love Kitty, sir.'

'And Jenny too, I hope, my lad,' said Dalton. He understood what the boy meant well enough, but his time was too short, his mind too full, to argue with him upon such a hopeless passion, which at Jeff's age, moreover, could hardly be held a serious thing.

'Yes, sir, and Jenny too; but not as I love Kitty,' continued the other with great earnestness; 'I should like you to know that, before you go.'

'Well, you shall talk to me about that, Jeff, when I come back again,' returned Dalton kindly. 'There is plenty of time before you as to that matter, and very little left for me just now. You'll keep an eye on little Tony, won't you?'

'With the help of God, I will keep my eye on all of them, and do my very best for them, Mr Dalton.'

There was a manliness about the handsome lad, as he drew himself up, as with the consciousness of the responsibility he had thus solemnly undertaken, that impressed itself upon Dalton for the first time. He had always regarded Jeff as a mere lad, and almost in the same category as Tony himself. Now he held out his hand for the other to shake, as a man holds it to his equal in age and standing. Jeff took it, and, to his infinite surprise, carried it

to his lips; then suddenly left the room—just as Holt entered it.

'I wanted to have three words with you alone, Dalton.'

'Very good, my good sir. I am quite at your service.'

Dalton had been unmannered for the instant at Jeff's unexpected manifestation of supreme regard; but at the sight of the newcomer he had become firm as a rock, and, truth to say, as hard. His dislike to Holt—though it would have been hard to say why, for the man's manner had been singularly free from offence of late, and indeed of signification of any kind—had grown within the last few days to positive hatred. He especially resented that he had been asked to stay on at Riverside, and was not about to leave it, apparently, even now.

'There is a certain subject, Dalton, which has been tacitly tabooed to both of us of late, but to which I wish to revert once again before you go.'

Dalton uttered a little sigh of relief. At the man's first words, he had grown pale and grim, apprehensive that this tabooed subject might be his daughter Kate; but as she had never been spoken of between them, it was plain that Holt could not be referring to her.

'Say what you like to me, my good sir,' said Dalton carelessly, 'since it is not likely you will have another chance for some time to come.'

'That is the very point I wish you to reconsider,' observed Holt gravely.

'What point?'

'As to your going to Brazil. I knew your mind was set upon it, and have therefore forborne to dissuade you from what I will stake my existence will be a profitless and disappointing errand. But really, after what I have seen during the last few days—or rather have felt without perceiving—for they all bear themselves like heroines) of the distress and anguish your departure is causing to your family, I am compelled to make one more effort to move you from your purpose. If you had really any definite aim, if there was any positive good to be derived from such an expedition, I would be the last to deter you; indeed, as you remember, I advised your going abroad—though it is true I did not then understand how deeply it would be taken to heart by those belonging to you. But now, when I see you actually starting upon this wild-goose chase, throwing the good money you have left after bad, and your wife and children'—

'Look here, Holt,' interrupted Dalton fiercely; 'my wife and children are *my* wife and children. I have little left to me, but they at least are mine. Be so good as to let me and mine alone.'

'You are very unjust and very harsh to me, Dalton,' answered the other, in quiet, almost pleading tones. 'Any man may surely be permitted to express sorrow not only for his friend, but for his friend's belongings.'

'No doubt; but you were seeking to make it the pretext of an argument. As to my going to St José, have you any new reasons to urge why I should not do so, except your own conviction of its futility?'

'Well, even that is stronger than yours is to the contrary; but I have, as it happens, new reasons: a thousand of them. I have had a telegram this very morning which authorises me to buy up your

shares in the *Lara* for a thousand pounds. I think the man is mad, but he means what he says; and I shall think you twice as mad as him, if you decline his offer. It frees you at once from all these distressing responsibilities—for that he specially undertakes to do—and puts a thousand pounds in your pocket to begin life anew with. With your talents and with my experience, what may we not gain with it! Or even if you forswear "the City," a thousand pounds is a sum to rest upon, and look about you—

'One moment, Holt. Who offers to buy these shares?' Keen, darting suspicion was in the speaker's eye, and his tone had a harsh sharp ring as he put this inquiry.

'Let us see,' said Holt, coolly drawing out the yellow missive from his pocket: 'the people here were not on the look-out—that always happens with your private wires—so it was sent over from the station. Brand telegraphs: *Mavor will take D's shares, and give one thousand pounds.*—You know Mavor: a very speculative fellow indeed.'

'Yes; but from what I remember of him, not a likely man to have a thousand pounds at his banker's, far less to be responsible for'—

'Nay; so far, that is *my* affair,' broke in the other eagerly. 'I should not advise you to accept the offer, if I did not guarantee its being genuine. Mavor is as good as the Bank—that is my opinion; but at all events I will go bail for Mavor. Now, think of it, Dalton. Here is a reprieve, if not a pardon, come for you. Upon my life, it is scarcely less! Think of the joy that will overspread the faces of your wife and children, when they hear your intention of taking this mad journey has been abandoned. Think of this day of sorrow'—

'No; I will not think of it,' broke in Dalton fiercely. 'This offer may be all on the square, or it may not'—

'Dalton!'

'I was not speaking of you, Holt; or if I was, you must forgive me—I hardly know what I say. You may have made this proposal out of pure friendship and my own good; if so, I thank you for it from the bottom of my heart. But I shall stick to the *Lara*. If it is worth Mavor's while to buy, it is worth *my* while to keep; so don't let us waste breath upon the matter.'

Nevertheless, Dalton's determination had cost him a terrible struggle. He knew far better than Holt could tell him the happiness that he would have conferred upon his dear ones by a change in his resolve to leave them, even without the gilding of those thousand pounds. The thought of the weary, lonely journey before him was hateful to him in every way. But that anonymous advice, which he had just now—almost unconsciously—repeated—'Stick to the *Lara*'—combined with this new and more favourable offer to purchase his interest in it, made his suspicions stronger than ever, that some underhand agency—he knew not what nor where—was at work in connection with the Brazil mine, which was only to be detected by personal investigation. These misgivings, however, were certainly of the vaguest kind, nor had he a shadow of reason for supposing Holt to be implicated in the matter. The man's behaviour under the circumstances had been really generous; and his own rejection of his help had been cold and thankless, if not absolutely offensive. Yet Holt shewed no sign of irritation; when he saw

all argument was vain, he only observed simply: 'A wilful man will have his way.'

'Perhaps he is really sorry for me,' thought Dalton remorsefully; and he shook hands with his quondam friend, and almost partner, with a heartiness of which he had not thought himself capable in respect to him.

'You have intrusted me with no good offices in your absence, Dalton; but I hope to be of use to you, nevertheless,' said the other gently. If he had offered, as usual, to be 'useful to him and his,' Dalton would perhaps have resented it, as he had done before; but as it was, he thanked him with some warmth. 'Still, you give me nothing to do for you,' urged Holt with unexpected persistence. 'If you should want money'—

'I have made arrangements for that,' interrupted Dalton hastily. 'My old friend Campden has kindly offered to be my banker; and here he is.'

As he entered, Holt withdrew from the library, in which Dalton was holding a sort of farewell levee.

'I don't know what to make of that man, George,' observed he, as the book-door closed behind his previous visitor. 'Sometimes I think him little better than a scoundrel; sometimes I credit him with good intentions.'

'My wife has rather cottoned to the fellow of late,' replied Mr Campden, 'and owns she used to judge him harshly. Now, for her to confess she has been in the wrong, is rather'—

'A portent,' answered Dalton, smiling. 'Well, it shews at all events there is something in the fellow. I really don't know whether it is good or bad. He was just now offering to lend me money; but I told him that, while I was away, you had kindly given me permission to draw on you.'

'Well, yes, my dear fellow,' hesitated Mr Campden, 'I believe I did.' His honest face had become crimson; he hitched at his neckcloth, and pulled at his shirt-cuffs—'shooting his linen' is the technical phrase for that form of nervousness—in evidently dire distress of mind. 'But the fact is, one doesn't much like being drawn upon.'

'What on earth do you mean, Campden?' answered the other, growing very white.

'Well, of course you are welcome to the money, my dear fellow—any amount of it that I can get at. Here's a couple of hundreds in fivers, which—Well, that's the only way I can do it, John; and that's the long and short of it.' And Mr Campden took out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead, which was bedewed with a cold perspiration.

'I see,' said Dalton coldly; 'your wife will not let you.'

'That's it, my good friend,' answered the other, with a gush of thankfulness that the worst had now been said. 'She doesn't like my being drawn upon: bills and so on always frighten her, because she doesn't understand them. And she has made me promise that, not even in your case—don't you see? It is very foolish of her, of course; but then they all are such fools—that is, all except your wife. She would trust a fellow to any extent.'

Dalton groaned, for had she not trusted him, and to her cost. His friend, however, mistook the cause of his dejection.

'I know it must seem deuced hard. The idea of my not giving you power to draw on me is simply ridiculous; and scurvy too—at least it

would have been if I had objected to it myself. I am quite ashamed to go back from my word in this way. But some wives make such a row—you never does, bless her—that one is obliged to give way. But you understand you can have the money.'

'I quite understand, Campden; but I don't want the money, thank you.'

Dalton was both hurt and indignant. He knew it was very natural that his henpecked friend should have given in to his wife's importunity and virulence against him (Dalton); but he was irritated that Mrs Campden should know that he had accepted her husband's offer as to the bill-drawing, or that any such offer had been made. What right had any man to do a kindness and then go and boast of it—or excuse himself for it, it was all one—to his wife? At such a moment, it was perhaps natural in him to exaggerate the importance of his own affairs; to consider that, under the circumstances, no matter what was his friend's domestic thralldom, that little favour—or rather the promise of it, if any necessity should arise—might have been kept private between them.

'Now don't let us part like this, Dalton!' cried the other earnestly. 'It is only the form, and not the thing, that is changed; and you know I am not changed.'

'A man and his wife are one,' answered Dalton; 'very much one, it seems, in this case, since you think it necessary to tell her every trumpery thing'—

'My good fellow, to tell you the honest truth, I could not have got the money without it,' interrupted Campden desperately. 'You don't know—you can't understand: she is a very good woman in her way, is Julia, and I know you won't say anything against her,' answered he hurriedly; 'but sometimes she will take the bit between her teeth.'

'And then she runs away—with all your money, does she?' said Dalton, unable to repress a smile. He was still angry, but only against this woman; for his friend he now felt only pity mingled largely with contempt. We rarely make allowance for other people's weaknesses, although we have such excellent excuses for our own.

'Well, I must confess she keeps me rather short,' said Campden ruefully.

'Come to Brazil with me!' cried Dalton. It was a sneer equal to a folio of disdain, and the next moment he was sorry for it.

'No, old fellow, I can't do that,' returned his friend good-naturedly. 'We have all to put up with something, and I know many better men in far worse case than I—you yourself, for instance.'

'I seem to myself to be the worst-used man in the world,' answered Dalton frankly. 'Let that be my apology, if I have spoken harshly. Good-bye, old friend.'

'Good-bye, John.'

And although a something had been interposed that day between their friendship, which was never removed, they shook hands with genuine feeling.

Mrs Campden and Mary came in to bid their guest farewell together. The former averred to her husband that she 'could not trust herself' to wish that man good-bye, alone, 'without giving him a piece of her mind as to his past conduct (that is, in ruining his family), as well as some

warning as to the future; but as a matter of fact, she was afraid of Dalton. If she had known what her 'George' had been just confessing, she would have been much more afraid. However, Dalton's manner towards his hostess was studiously polite, and Mary's presence saved them from any possible embarrassment. He was a genuine favourite with the young lady, and she was very 'gushing' upon his departure, and about the care she meant to take of his dear girls when he was gone.

'We shall be quite near neighbours to them, remember, Mr Dalton,' remarked her mother, as though he were likely to forget the Nook's locality. She was very nervous, and said little beyond that, except her parting speech, which was commonplace enough, and yet, under the circumstances, not a little peculiar.

'Well, good-bye, Mr Dalton, and I hope you'll enjoy yourself.' As though, in place of a voyage to Brazil, he were going to 'spend a happy day' at Rosherville Gardens, as Dalton described it afterwards.

But the truth is that, difficult as it is to find fit words to say to a man we dislike, when we meet him, it is much more difficult to do the like when we part from him, and especially if the occasion is a sentimental one.

We need not describe the leave-taking between Dalton and his own belongings, indeed there was little said on either side; for their hearts were too full for speech. To Edith, as we have mentioned, he had already bidden good-bye; but now, finding, though the carriage was at the door, that he had still a few minutes to spare, a longing seized him to see her once again. He rushed up-stairs, and hastily entered the room; but she heard him not. She was kneeling down by the bedside with her back towards him, and her face shut within her hands.

'Protect him, and bring him back to my dear ones,' he heard her praying, in earnest, passionate tones. Deeply moved, he hesitated a moment, and then softly withdrew. He would not interrupt that rapt communion between his wife and her God. Why had she said 'to my dear ones,' and not 'to me?' he wondered; but presently set it down to her freedom from the thought of 'self,' which might not intrude even in her prayers. For once he did her more than justice; it was not unselfishness that had dictated Edith's words. She had had such warnings in the way of physical weakness, that she had given up all hopes of his return to her; she was not imploring Heaven for a miracle; but only that her children should not be left in a world that no longer smiled upon them, without one parent.

A NEW WORLD IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

WHEN Lieutenant Cameron had finished his exploration of Lake Tanganyika, he started from Ujiji in May 1874, and between that date and November 1875 made his wonderful tramp to the Atlantic, through regions in most parts of which the foot of white man had never trodden. He was fortunate enough to be well received by King Kasonga, whom he ascertained to be the most powerful native chief in that part of Africa. When the narrative of his travels appears, written by his own hand, it will perhaps be illustrated with

drawings from his own pencil; but meanwhile it is pleasant to know that some of his sketches have been sent to the *Illustrated London News*, and have been engraved in the pages of that periodical.

These sketches are valuable, inasmuch as they give an insight into the manners and customs of a nation now introduced to us for the first time. In one we see the dress levée of King Kasonga of Urua, when he formally received Lieutenant Cameron. Lesser chiefs prostrated themselves before the great man, each giving his dagger or short sword to be held by an attendant. The official executioner, with axe in hand, stood ready for immediate work. Kasonga wore a European dress-coat, purchased from traders on the west coast, and a shirt, but no trousers! A long straight feather was stuck in the top-knot of his twisted hair. Two Amazons of his body-guard, in very airy costume, and armed each with an axe, stood near him; like the king of Dahomey, he has a *penchant* for a guard of lady-soldiers. All, men and women alike, had droll little apologies for pig-tails at the back of the head. On another occasion, Cameron met a native wedding-party. The dusky bride was lifted as high as possible on the shoulders of a stalwart man, and upheld there by another; they jumped or danced about in a grotesque way, to the music of a kind of kettle-drum thumped with the fist, and a sort of double pipe (such as has been known in Africa and the East ever since the old classical days). The assembled friends shewed the bride to the bridegroom, and congratulated him on the occasion. The costumes—well, there was not much to speak of. A third sketch presents to us a Urua medicine-man, peripatetic doctor, or conjuring priest, clad in grotesque pomp of attire, with his implements of mystification, and followed by his servitors.

King Kasonga appears to be a good sort of fellow, as African princes go; nevertheless, he does a little more in slave-catching and slave-trading than is creditable. All our travellers in these African regions, however, agree that the Arab and Portuguese dealers—the former hailing from the east coast and the latter from the west—intensify the evil by encouraging it; and Cameron speaks of a certain Portuguese half-caste named Coimbra as being the worst of the lot. The lieutenant met a slave-gang of fifty or sixty wretched women, bearing on their heads heavy loads of plunder they had been forced to bring from the despoiled and destroyed villages. These poor creatures were all that were left out of five or six hundred, the rest having been killed in the villages, or starved in the jungle. All were roped together, some carrying their miserable infants at their backs; while the whip of a slave-driver urged forward those who were nearly exhausted with fatigue. These unhappy women were sent, not to the coast, but to various parts of the interior, where they were exchanged for ivory, black for white. On another occasion, Cameron sketched a dance of warriors, at a place rejoicing in the name of Kiwakasongo: the wild antics of the blacks, incited by the beating of drums, and encouraged by the admiring plaudits of the ladies, were not a little amusing. A clay idol, seen by him at Bwarwé, was a most unlovely monster, shaded under a thatched roof, where the worshippers bent lowly before him. Cameron

came upon a native family changing their abode, or 'fitting'; the men and women bore on their heads bundles of household chattels, and a gourd as a cooking-pot; one of the men carried a child on his head in a flat tray, just as a baker would carry home a hot joint of meat from the bake-house; but for the most part the women carried the bantlings in a peculiar manner at the bottom of the back. One interesting scene that met his view was a lake-dwelling, very similar to those constructed by the natives in Borneo and New Guinea, and now believed to have been well known to ancient nations in an early stage of their civilisation. This dwelling, on Lake Moheya, was elevated on twenty poles, and consisted simply of a living-room covered with a thatched roof; the ascent was made by climbing up a notched pole at one end; a boat, moored beneath, gave the inmates the means of communication with the shore.

Amid such scenes as these, Cameron trudged on. If obstacles barred his direct course, he turned to the right or the left, as the case might be, but still kept his face as nearly as practicable towards the setting sun. His journey was greatly prolonged by these detours. The number of rivers he crossed is almost incredible; he fully ascertained, as our explorers generally have anticipated, that equatorial Africa, instead of being a sterile sandy desert, is one of the best watered regions in the world, possessing immense capabilities for the future. Of course he was robbed, time after time; African travellers mostly are. While going round Lake Tanganyika (after his Livingstone search had merged into an independent series of explorations), he had at first thirty loads of stores, each a burden for one man; but by the time he had circumnavigated the lake, he had only four left, having lost six-and-twenty. Most of his men were by this time unnecessary to him; he would have had to feed them, without needing them as porters. He sent back to Zanzibar all he could dispense with, and started on his great journey westward, relying on the power of purchase to bring him the necessary supplies. Some parts of his trudge were terrible, through long grass twelve feet high, and thicker in stem than a man's finger. He had great difficulty in procuring food. The natives at one spot, who had never before seen a white man, could not conceive of any peaceful object such a traveller could have in view; they suspected him of slave-hunting and village-plundering schemes, and tried to keep him off by violence. Firmness and conciliation worked upon them; they abandoned their apprehensions, and sold him food in exchange for beads, cowries, and such other substitutes for money as he could produce. Looking at the route on Mr Ravenstein's temporary map (prepared under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society from the traveller's excellent and numerous determinations of latitude and longitude), we see how Cameron was driven by circumstances to change his course repeatedly. First, north-west from Lake Tanganyika to Nyangwé; then (being interrupted by hostile manifestations) nearly due south to Kilemba, and south-west to Kisenga, crossing a multitude of rivers, and passing near lakes known by unpronounceable names. Obstacles too great for him to overcome prevented him, time after time, from reaching the coast at the point where the river Congo enters the Atlantic; then he tried to reach the coast at Loando, in the district of

Angola; again frustrated, he pushed farther south, and at length had the pleasure of seeing the wide-spreading waters of the Atlantic at Benguela—the first white man who, entering Africa from Zanzibar on the east, had traversed the whole breadth of the continent.

One who is well entitled to express an opinion on the matter, Sir Henry Rawlinson, President of the Royal Geographical Society, evidently looks forward to a great future for Central Africa—dependent on the gradual lessening of the atrocious slave-trade. On the evening devoted to the special reception of Lieutenant Cameron, Sir Henry remarked: 'With regard to the political results of his journey, he has discovered a new political distribution of power in the centre of Africa, of which we knew absolutely nothing before. We had not so much as ever heard the name of the great chief Kasonga, who appears to be the most important potentate in equatorial Africa. Ascertaining the power of this chief is a most important element in the future of this part of Africa; for whatever negotiations or measures may be adopted in future with regard to the suppression of the slave-trade, will have to be mainly carried into effect through the operation of this great chief.' So much for political or international relations; nor did the trading aspect of the subject escape Sir Henry Rawlinson's attention. 'I may also remind you that there are commercial results of these discoveries of Lieutenant Cameron. He has for the first time established the fact, that at this great mart Nyangwé, or in the vicinity, the trade-routes from the east and west coasts of Africa unite in a common centre: the Portuguese half-caste traders from the west coast meeting the Arab traders from the east. He has further informed us of the very valuable products which exist in those countries, of which much use may be made in the future. Not only are there cereals of all sorts, but metallic treasures, gums, copal, and other most valuable products. Amongst the results of his work is the information he has brought us with regard to the slave-trade. He has tracked that atrocious traffic to its fountain-head, to those tracts of country and those villages which have been harried and depopulated by the slave-dealer. In furnishing us with this information, and in shewing how legitimate traffic may be introduced and made to supplant the slave-trade, he has done a great service not merely to geography, but to philanthropy and to civilisation.'

Fuller details from the highly successful explorer further illustrate the importance of the newly discovered region in regard to natural wealth and capabilities. Lieutenant Cameron brought home with him a specimen of light bituminous coal; as well as pieces of hæmatite, specular iron, cinnabar, and malachite. Scraps of information reached him which tend to a belief that gold, copper, and silver exist there in considerable abundance. Besides the copal and other gums above adverted to, he mentions nutmegs, coffee, samsen (the oil-producing *sesamum*?) ground nuts, oil-palms, mpafu (an oil-producing tree), rice, cotton, india-rubber, sugar-cane, and most of the productions of Southern Europe. What a list of productions from a region the very name of which was not before known to us! A canal thirty miles long, across a flat country, would connect the two great river-systems of the Congo and

the Zambesi, which even now are temporarily connected in the rainy season. Navigation, at anyrate for boats, might thus be established right across Central Africa, from the Indian Ocean on the east to the Atlantic Ocean on the west. Lieutenant Cameron throws out a conjecture that a well-managed expenditure of a couple of millions sterling, and two or three years of steady labour, would suffice to establish—at least in its early development—one of the greatest systems of inland navigation in the world. This presupposes all national and political obstacles to be overcome—a difficult proviso, of course.

Ivory, it appears, is so abundant in these parts as to be regarded by the traders with eager interest. We hear of thirty-five pounds of ivory being exchanged for seven or eight pounds of beads, or five or six pounds of cowry-shells. A tusk of magnificent dimensions was on one occasion obtained in barter for an old copper bracelet. Some of the valleys are crowded with oil-palm trees; and Cameron found himself one day under a dense grove of nutmeg-trees, the whole ground being covered with nutmegs. A copper-working company has already, it appears, been established at Lisbon, to smelt down ore obtained through the medium of the Portuguese settlement of Benguela: some of the ore being so rich in silver as to yield a harvest of both metals.

Sir Henry Rawlinson, on the occasion above mentioned, did not confine his remarks to the political and commercial importance of the regions thus newly discovered; he gave a high meed of praise, as was naturally to be expected from him, to the indefatigable explorer who had achieved such grand results. 'This gallant young officer travelled on foot a distance of *three thousand* miles, with very short intervals of rest on the tramp, for two years and eight months, exposed to all the vicissitudes of climate, through forests, marshes, and jungles, enduring hardships of all sorts; and yet his courage never gave way. Lieutenant Cameron kept his eyes well about him; and the observations which he made, both astronomical and in relation to the physical character of the country, are of extraordinary value. The registered observations he has brought home, and which are now being computed at the Greenwich Observatory, promise to be of the most important character. They are astonishingly numerous, elaborate, and accurate; and I have every expectation that the result of their computation will be that we shall find laid down a defined line from one ocean to the other, across twenty degrees of longitude, which will serve as a basis, a fixed mathematical basis, for all future geographical discoveries in equatorial Africa. The observations with which he has furnished us, and which are now being computed—for latitude, longitude, and elevation—number nearly *five thousand*. Naval officers and surveyors will understand the extraordinary minuteness and assiduity with which he did his work, when I state that, in order to determine the longitude of some particular positions, he took as many as a hundred and thirty or a hundred and forty lunar observations in one spot.'

We must, in order to render justice to such scientific achievements, bear in mind that the observations were made under all the trials, perils, and difficulties of African travel, when the

explorer could but little guess on any one day what would befall him in the next. Sir Henry made pleasant allusion to an old chronometer which is likely to have scientific celebrity attached to it. When Cameron met the natives bringing down poor Livingstone's body from Ujiji, he obtained some of the instruments they had brought with them. One of these was a chronometer of which Livingstone often spoke in his narratives with affection, calling it playfully his 'deaf chronometer.' It would only go for three hours and a half; but within that range it was perfectly reliable. This was the instrument which timed the great majority of Cameron's observations.

The world must await the publication of Lieutenant Cameron's own narrative for fuller details; meanwhile our few jottings will shew what sort of man he is. Besides other rewards, he rightly wears the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society—a much-prized, rarely achieved honour.

ON HELVELLYN.

'A LETTER from Gerald, mamma, with "Immediate" on the envelope. What can be the matter?'

The speaker was a tall graceful girl, with a wealth of light wavy hair falling over her shoulders, and a pair of large blue eyes lighting up a face that was charming alike both in feature and expression. She was leaning over the shoulders of her mother, a stout matronly lady, who was presiding at a well-furnished breakfast-table. Opposite sat this lady's husband, a tall, gray-headed, aristocratic-looking old gentleman. Between them was a dark-haired little maiden, with a rich olive complexion, a pair of witching black eyes, and a half-roguish look lurking at the corners of her mouth.

From the window of the pleasant room in which they were all breakfasting, lay stretched before them one of the fairest prospects the eye could wish to rest upon. In the immediate foreground was a gravelled terrace and a wide sweep of soft green lawn; while all around and sloping downwards ran a plantation of thickly growing trees, rich in the glories of their early summer foliage. Below, stretching far away to the right and left, lay a broad and winding sheet of water, studded with little islets, and ruffled by the morning breeze, looking blue as jasper as it rippled in the sunshine. Beyond, on the other shore, were sloping woods and verdant meadows, with here and there a house peeping up from amid the trees; while still farther, making a background to the entire scene, and forming a fitting contrast to the quiet beauty of the mid-landscape, rose a chain of lofty peaks and heather-clad mountains.

The sheet of water was Windermere, the largest, and taking it all in all, the loveliest of the English lakes; and the house to which I first introduced my readers was Raven Castle, the seat of John Vernon, Esq., and one of the most delightful residences in all the country round.

Mrs Vernon perused her son's letter, then read it aloud. It was dated from London, and ran thus:

DEAR MOTHER—Harry Standish is at last able to take a few days' holiday, and is coming down with me to-morrow to pay his long promised

visit to Raven Castle. We shall arrive by the afternoon train, and come up the lake by the steamer. You can send James across with the boat as usual to pick us up at the pier.—Your affectionate son,
GERALD VERNON.

'What a boy he is!' she cried, when she had finished, 'to give me only this short notice. He could not know that Miss Lewis was already staying with us.'

'O dear,' cried the little lady at the table; 'I'm afraid I shall be sadly in the way.'

'Nonsense!' said Mr Vernon, looking over his spectacles; 'the young men, I'm sure, will be only too delighted.'

Dora Vernon had betrayed symptoms of blushing during the reading of the letter, and the quick eyes of her young friend had soon detected her.

'By-the-bye, this Mr Standish, is he not the young man whom Gerald introduced us to in London?' asked Mr Vernon of his wife.

'The same. He is so gentlemanly and nice.—I am sure you will like him, Miss Lewis.'

At this stage Dora left the table, and strolled through the open window into the garden. Her friend soon joined her there.

'Oh, you wicked little thing!' she cried, seizing Dora round the waist. 'I verily believe you are in love with this Mr Standish—or whatever his name is—and have never told me a word about it. But I've found you out at last. When did it happen? How old is he? Is he good-looking? Come, tell me everything directly. I insist on knowing.'

'Fanny, how can you be so absurd! I have only seen "this Mr Standish," as you call him, two or three times in my life.'

'And what did he talk about those two or three times?'

'I'm sure I really can't remember. Ordinary topics, I suppose.'

'Nothing else?'

'Nothing else.'

'Well, puss, isn't it jolly of your brother bringing him down just now, while I'm here? Won't we have some fun?'

'Fanny, I'm quite shocked at you.'

'And I at you, for blushing so at breakfast. But never mind; we shall see—what we shall see.'

Here Miss Lewis's bantering was put an end to by Mr Vernon appearing on the scene and asking the young ladies to accompany him for a constitutional.

Punctual to time that afternoon, the two travellers were landed at the little jetty attached to the grounds of Raven Castle. They were both tall, strongly built young men. Gerald Vernon was fair, like his sister; Henry Standish, darker and—though both were good-looking—more finely featured than his friend. They were warmly welcomed by both host and hostess. Fanny Lewis, who had been a school-fellow of Dora's, was a stranger to both; but the glad welcome of the latter, and the tender glances from the soft blue eyes, proved to Henry Standish that he at all events had not been forgotten. He was enraptured with all he saw—the house, the grounds, and all the country round, which he had never visited before.

'Well, Dora,' said her brother that evening, when they were all sitting talking in the drawing-

room, 'have you made out any programme for our week's amusement?'

'O yes,' she answered. 'To-morrow we spend on the lake; Thursday we ascend Helvellyn.'

'Helvellyn!' cried all the others in a breath.

'How delightful!' sighed Fanny.

'Capital!—the best thing we could do,' said Gerald, 'if the weather continues favourable, which I think it will.'

The day following was spent as suggested, rowing about the lake and picnicking on one of the little islands.

And then came Thursday, bright and cloudless, and giving every prospect of a fine and charming day. The four young people were driven over in Mr Vernon's wagonette to the little inn at Wythburn, from which the ascent was to commence. On the way they passed through Ambleside, then at the height of its busy season and full of summer tourists; Rydal and Grasmere, with the little white church and silent graveyard, where the poet Wordsworth lies buried; and then up the long steep of Dunmail Raise, till they reached the Nag's Head at Wythburn, their destination. Gerald and Dora had climbed the mountain so often that a guide was unnecessary, and the two ladies would not hear of ponies. So they started off in gay spirits, fully equipped with stout shoes, baskets for botanical specimens, and strong Alpine-stocks. The ascent began almost at the inn-door, and continued upwards by the side of a little stream that came dancing down the mountain-side.

Laughing and talking, slipping and stumbling, they were soon half-way up the frowning mass, and a map-like view of lakes and valleys, hills and brawling streams, was beginning to unfold itself at their feet. At length a point was reached where a faint sheep-track suddenly left the pathway they were pursuing, and wound up the mountain in a contrary direction.

'Now!' cried Dora, stopping; 'which road shall we take? Gerald and I explored this track years ago, and found it an agreeable change from the regular path, though rather longer.'

'But,' said Gerald, 'we are not far now from Brownrigg's Well; and if we do not keep to the main path, we shall miss it; and that would be a dreadful disappointment, for Miss Lewis and I are almost dying of thirst.'

'Suppose,' suggested Harry, 'that we divide into two parties, and meet on the summit?'

'Yes,' cried Miss Lewis; 'and have a race who gets there first, of course giving those who take the longer road a fair start.'

'What do you say, Miss Vernon? Shall we separate?'

'Yes, certainly, if you all agree to it. You and I can take the sheep-track; and Gerald and Miss Lewis the path past the well, as they are so thirsty.'

'Very well; it is settled, then,' said Gerald. 'Good-bye.'

'Until we meet,' added Fanny, pointing upwards with a little tragic gesture, 'on the mountain's brow.'

They then separated, and soon each couple was hidden from view.

Of the whole four, perhaps Mr Standish was the most pleased at this arrangement; for truth to say, he was enamoured of the fair-haired damsel by his side, and this was the first opportunity he had

had since his arrival of being left with her alone. A short year before, when the Vernons were staying in London, Gerald—who was then reading for the Bar—had introduced him into their little circle; and each time that he had visited them, he had become more and more filled with admiration of Dora. He knew that it was wrong and foolish in him—a comparatively poor man, with his own way to make in the world—to fall in love with a rich man's daughter; but he could not resist the fascination of her sweet society, and at last had parted from her with the avowal of his love hanging mute upon his lips, though not daring to give it utterance.

And Dora—what had been her feelings all this time? Ah! had she not betrayed them all too plainly that happy morning two days before, when she had first heard that he was coming?

They continued their rugged journey up the bleak mountain side, Dora leading the way, and Harry stopping every now and then to secure some rare little fern that lay concealed among the crevices of the rock, or to glance below on the glorious prospect that now lay stretched beneath them. At length the path they had been pursuing brought them gradually round to the other side of the mountain, and there joined one of the main tracks to the summit—the one leading from Legberthwaite and Thirlmere, past the Glen-ridding lead mines. Having reached a charming nook under an overhanging rock, which commanded a new and magnificent view, they agreed to rest for a few minutes, and then mount upwards as quickly as possible.

To their right, lay Red Tarn, six hundred feet immediately beneath the summit of Helvellyn, fenced in on the one side by the rocky ridge of Striding Edge, and on the other—close to where Dora and her companion were resting—by a similar barrier, called Swirrel Edge, having for its eastern termination the conical-shaped peak of Catbedecam. Beyond, lay the lovely lake of Ullswater, with Stybarrow Crag and Gowbarrow Park fringing its western shores; while the lofty mountain of Cross Fell in the extreme distance closed in the horizon, and stood out boldly against the sky. It was a kind of rocky terrace they were on, overhanging a precipice that ran sheer down for about thirty feet, till it abruptly terminated in a small mossy bank. This also, in its turn overhung another precipice of considerable depth, making one faint and dizzy even to look down.

The young man had all through their walk been striving manfully to keep himself from making the long unspoken avowal of his love; but now that they were alone—here in the cool shade, with such a panorama before them and the knowledge of their utter seclusion from the outer world—he could no longer remain silent.

'Miss Vernon,' he said, after a pause, during which Dora had been occupied in sorting her ferns and flowers; 'do you remember that night in London when I said good-bye to you for the last time?'

'O yes,' she answered quickly.

'Well, I little thought then that I should ever see you again. I felt assured then that my secret was safe—that I should never be compelled to divulge it—that I should never suffer the humiliation which I knew could but follow its revelation.'

'A secret!' she reiterated, looking at him wonderingly. 'I do not understand. What secret?'

'Can you ask it?' he answered, taking her hand. 'In one short week, Dora—may I call you Dora?—I had learned to love you more than my own life; but I dared not tell my love—I dared not think of it. For I was a poor man then, as I am now, and you—you were the daughter of a rich man.'

She was trembling violently, and her eyes were moistening.

'O Dora!' he cried passionately, 'those tears give me new hope—new life. You do not scorn me then for my presumption—you do not cast me from you! Tell me, dear one, tell me—can it be possible that you love me?'

She did not speak, she did not utter a word, but allowed herself to be drawn by his strong manly arm in a fond lingering embrace—listening to the loving words that fell from his lips—with looks that told him all he wished to know.

How long they remained upon that little terrace can never be told; but Harry Standish at last looked at his watch with a cry of amazement.

'Why,' he cried, 'Gerald and Miss Lewis will think us lost! They must have reached the summit long before this; and we have evidently come considerably out of our way. Had we not better ascend at once?'

'O yes,' said Dora. 'It will indeed take us all our time to reach them, and then be back at the inn before dusk. Let us go at once.'

They made ready for an immediate scramble up the steep hill-side; but before going, Harry eyed a small plant growing at the edge of the path, and was on his knees in a moment, busily uprooting it.

'The *Cerastium Alpinum*!' he cried delightedly, 'and the first I have seen.'

'Yes,' Dora answered; 'it grows, I believe, only on Helvellyn. But do, do be careful; you are dreadfully near the edge of the precipice. Do not lean over; you will— Ah!'

With a wild cry she rushed forward. Her companion, too eager to secure the plant, had overbalanced himself, and with a cry of terror, had fallen down the abyss. Dora stood on the brink, gazing downwards, her eyes dilated with horror, unable to move, to speak, to help!

But his fall was suddenly checked by the shelving rock, covered with moss, which alone broke the precipitous descent; and Dora saw him lying there, with his arm twisted beneath his back, and a wound on the forehead, caused by a sharp-pointed piece of rock he had struck against as he fell. She called out to him in her agony and grief, but there was no response. She then cried aloud for help, with all the strength she could summon to her aid; but the only answer that greeted her was a dull faint echo from the distant peak of Catchedecam. What could she do to save him? She knew that if left alone there for long without help, he must perish; and rushing frantically from one end of the little terrace to the other, she strove vainly for a means of reaching him. Her nerves were strung, however, to the highest pitch. She seemed possessed of a strength she had never felt before. She would reach and save him, or die herself in the attempt! With her Alpine-stock for a support, she half-

scrambled, half-slid down the rocks, some little distance from where her lover had fallen, and where the descent was not quite so precipitous; tearing her dress and bruising her face and limbs, but with the strength, energy, and courage that her desperation had endowed her with, she reached the mossy bank in safety, and rushed panting to the wounded man.

'My darling—my darling!' she wailed, as tearing her kerchief into strips, she quickly bandaged the poor wounded head and stopped the flow of blood. Then, while he was still unconscious, she gently raised him, and moved the arm from its painful position, to his side. She then knew that it was broken, and moaned aloud in her agony and despair; for how was he to be got away—away from this horrible mountain, to the civilised world below, where he might have help and succour? A dreadful thought, which she could not suppress, suddenly flashed through her brain: Suppose they could not get away at all—suppose help should *never* come! She leaped from her kneeling posture by the wounded man, and hastily traversed the little bank on which they were stationed. It was but a few yards long and a few feet in width. It would be next to impossible to get back again by the way she had come, or by any means above; while below, all around them frowned the deep precipice, with the Red Tarn at the bottom, and the mass of broken rocks that formed the base of Swirrel Edge. Even if she could have regained the pathway to go for help, could she leave him while he remained in his then unconscious state? But she would not despair; she would not give way to useless grief and idle tears. She believed that God would help her in this her sore distress, and kneeling down at the foot of a rock, she poured forth a prayer full of earnestness and yearning faith.

If she had had but a little brandy, or even a draught of cold water to wet those poor parched lips with, and to bring him back to consciousness; but she had nothing, nothing! Suddenly a thought seemed to strike her, and bending quickly over her lover's outstretched body, she gently loosened his coat and felt in his breast-pocket. A memorandum-book, and—what was this her fingers seized so eagerly, while a cry of joy burst from her lips? It was a small flask fashioned so as to fit comfortably in the pocket without fear of breakage. Unscrewing the lid, she tested the contents. It was full of brandy; and hastily emptying some into the cup that was attached, she held it to his lips, and poured the reviving fluid down his dry parched throat. Long and patiently did she await the result.

At last he moved slightly, while a faint moan escaped his lips; then opening his eyes, he looked steadfastly up at Dora's pale wan face.

'Where am I?—what is the matter?' at length he moaned feebly, looking wildly round.

With a great sigh of relief and thankfulness, Dora tenderly held him to her breast, and told him all.

The sun was already sinking over the western hills, and the strange silence all around oppressed, but did not frighten her. She had nerved herself to endure the worst that might befall her, and was now prepared for anything—even death itself. At length the crescent moon rose behind a distant

ridge, and the stars one by one lit up the dark blue canopy above.

'On Helvellyn!' he repeated, hardly crediting his senses. Then, with a sharp cry of grief: 'And it is my fault—all my fault. You, my poor Dora, here, at night, on this cold, damp mountain. Oh, I can never forgive myself; it is horrible, horrible!'

'O Harry, do not think of me. Think only what would have happened if I could not have reached you. Let us rather thank God that I came in time.'

'My preserver!' he cried fondly; 'my truest, dearest love!'

He was very weak, and his arm pained him considerably; but he bore it very patiently, and submitted with a grateful heart while the girl improvised a splint made from a portion of her Alpine-stock, hastily broken off for the occasion. Exhausted with speaking, he fell into a quiet sleep, with Dora's hand clasped lovingly in his, and her face watching tenderly beside him. She had known neither hunger nor fatigue, though she had tasted barely anything since morning.

Through the tedious hours of the night she kept her sacred vigil, until at length morning dawned upon the great world below, and the sun rose magnificently over the mountains. Dora was on the alert. She knew that her father and brother would not leave a stone unturned to discover what had befallen them, and she felt sure that they would first thoroughly explore the path they had taken the day before. She resolved, therefore, to be constantly on the watch, for she could see easily, from the edge of the bank, any one who happened to be crossing the terrace above. Harry was still lying weak and stiff. But assistance was happily at hand, and voices could be distinctly heard, proceeding from overhead; and suddenly figures were descried moving on towards the edge of the precipice. Yes!—Dora could now distinguish them. Gerald, her father, and some men carrying tools and ropes.

'Gerald!—father!—help! We are here!' she cried with all her strength, dreading lest they should neither see nor hear her.

'Mr Standish is here, dreadfully hurt. He cannot move.'

Adjuring her to take courage, they immediately proceeded to devise plans for relief. A rude car was fashioned by the men out of some boards, and let down the side of the rock by means of ropes.

Dora did not need to be instructed what she had to do; but with the bravery and strength that had sustained her throughout the whole of that dreadful ordeal, assisted Harry on to the rude craft—where he could lie at length—and bound him safely to it with pieces of strong cord that were thrown down to her.

Up, up it went. How anxiously she watched the ascent. It was lowered again, empty. She gave a sigh of relief; and hastily binding herself to the car, was soon hoisted into mid-air, and a loud and prolonged shout of joy burst from every lip as she safely reached the top of the precipice.

'Saved—saved!' she cried, rushing into her father's outstretched arms, and weeping glad tears of joy and thankfulness upon his breast.

She then quickly told him all that had occurred, for it was necessary that the wounded man should be got away as soon as possible. Indeed, this was a difficult task, for he was too weak to walk; but

the rescuers were brave and resolute, and converting the car into a species of stretcher, they carried him as carefully as possible down the steep and rugged descent.

'We have passed a dreadful night,' said Gerald to his sister, as they descended; 'almost as bad as yours. Yesterday, after leaving you, Miss Lewis and I made our way steadily to the summit, and reached it early in the afternoon. We must have waited there two or three hours, but you never came; and at last we concluded you had tired yourselves, and had gone back to the inn. We went down again by the way we had come, only to find, on reaching Wythburn, that you had not been seen or heard of. It was then nearly dusk; and when it became quite dark, we were obliged to return alone, for it was impossible at that time to seek you on the mountain. This morning my father and I started with a gang of helpers before daybreak, and commenced our search in the early dawn.'

Gerald having then to go forward to help the men with the stretcher, Dora was alone with her father; and in a few short minutes had told him all that had passed on the little terrace, before the accident; of the young man's true and sincere affection, and of her own new-born love.

Weeks afterwards, a young man, with his arm in a sling, was lying on a sofa that had been brought out for him into a warm sunlit garden, filled with the perfume of sweet-smelling flowers and the gentle air that came up from the lake below. A fair-haired girl was seated near him, holding in hers his outstretched hand.

'Dora,' he was saying tenderly, as he looked up into her sweet young face; 'I often think that, were it not for the pain and misery you had then to suffer, I ought to look back upon my accident as the brightest event of my existence. For did you not save my life, darling, at the fearful peril of your own; did you not seal our betrothal with a noble self-sacrifice; did you not prove—more than aught else could have done—that your love, like mine, was dearer than life itself!'

AN INTELLIGIBLE ART-WRITER.

SENSIBLE folks open any book professedly written upon Art with much misgiving, and the more so the more they are accustomed to books on this alarming subject. There is something in it that seems to have a scattering effect upon the wits of even intelligent writers. A welcome, therefore, should be given to any work on art which is reasonable, without pretence; and such a book now lies before us in *The Fine Arts and their Uses*, by Mr Bellars (Smith, Elder, & Co.). He addresses himself, not to artists, but to the general public, whom he warns off the rocks and shoals on which their taste is apt to be shipwrecked. He speaks of the thousands of people who go into raptures over Verrio's painted fiddle at Chatsworth, 'who would be in no way affected by the sight of a real fiddle.' The admiration they feel is the same as that extorted by any ingenious toy, and Fine Art, he wishes them to understand, is not a toy. The artist also who wishes to be admired merely for his skill and

patience, is not an artist in any high sense. Mr Bellars is honest—and very unexceptionally honest—in at once confessing that in passing from verbal poetry to painting we necessarily lose a great deal. Painting is after all inarticulate; it may make itself understood indeed to some, but not to others; and its sphere is much more limited than art-worshippers would have us believe. 'It is certain that of the people who visit our picture-galleries, nine-tenths see nothing more in Turner or Francia than a more or less successful attempt to reproduce some external fact of nature or history.' And it might even be added, that some people see more where there is really no more to see; just as the commentators will sometimes root out a meaning in their author which would astonish nobody so much as himself.

Mr Bellars does not go to this extreme of frankness; but he is more than 'tolerably honest' for a gentleman whose vocation is to write of Art. He acknowledges, for example, that music, though it exercises so widespread an influence, has 'the power of awakening but two principal phases of emotion: that is to say, elation and depression in all their various forms.' He is careful to point out, indeed, that when 'wedded to immortal verse,' its power is of much wider range; but then the sentiment of the words is often taken for that of the music itself. He adds, rather naïvely, that 'it will be found that the allusions in Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony are much more fully understood when there is some sort of syllabus in the programme for easy reference. Even these are not fair examples, for as they contain direct imitations of natural sounds, it would not be surprising if their motives were readily recognised.'

As for Dancing, we do not dance now; that is, there is no such thing in fashionable society, while the dancing on our stage is simply meretricious. But if you want to see what dancing, mere natural grace of action, can effect, look at Mr Bellars' pretty picture of it: 'One of our old friends the organ-grinders—such a source of pleasure to the lower, and so much abused by the upper classes—has wearily dragged his organ into a quiet street on a bright summer evening. He is heavy-hearted, for he has received but few halfpence; the sun has been intensely hot, and he has been "moved on" all day, having been unfortunate enough to disturb three sick persons and a mathematician. But he must try and earn another penny or two, and he begins once more to grind out the old tunes, now so familiar that he scarcely hears them. A group of little children from a neighbouring alley gather round him, and gaze with wondering eyes upon his instrument and on himself. He smiles upon them sadly enough, for in his simple heart he loves young children dearly; and once in the old Italian days—days now so infinitely far removed—had some of his own. But soon the tune is done, the barrel is shifted, and he begins another. It is an old Scotch reel, with a lilt and a quaint chime about it that would

make the very gas-lamps caper in their sockets if they knew how. And soon the children's eyes begin to sparkle, the dimples deepen in their dusky cheeks, and with one merry glance at their entertainer, they are dancing as only children can. Their round arms escaping from their dingy sleeves; their rich tangled hair falling over their shoulders, and their little lithe forms swaying with an infinite grace; their innocence, for they are innocent as yet even in a London alley, their health, and all the exquisite joy of young emotions, find their best expression so.' Mr Ruskin himself need scarcely be ashamed of the above description, which gives us art at its best, because derived direct from nature. At the same time, it is undeniable that dancing may be brought to a very high pitch of perfection by art. 'Jeremy Taylor,' says an old critic quoted by our author, 'pronounced an anathema against dancing, but had he ever seen Taglioni, he would have rented a stall.' Dancing without music, however, it must be confessed, is like veal without bacon, rather insipid.

Mr Bellars gives what seems to us a rather singular reason for why so much of the best music is sad. It is for the same reason, he says, that the best poetry is sad; though he should surely rather say the sweetest poetry. 'Our sweetest songs are those,' sings Shelley, in his ode to the Skylark, 'which tell of saddest thought;' whereas the epic is not sad, but only sublime. 'Nearly all men who think or feel deeply,' says our author, 'are so oppressed by the miseries and mysteries around them, that Joy comes to them but seldom, and before they can embrace her, she has fled. Probably bright and happy men would always write bright and happy music—but such men are hard to find.'

This may be in part correct, but we believe that it is the memory of the Past, and especially of the happiness of the Past, that makes the poet and the composer both so sad. 'The sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things;' and it is not because the world is so black with them, but because it has once been so bright, that men sing and play so sadly. They are sighing for the 'happy days' of auld lang syne. Of the absence of imagination among the old masters, our author speaks boldly, though he seems to admire what common-sense tells us is a defect. The early Pre-Raphaelite painters 'knew of course perfectly well that St Peter never wore a triple crown, and that St Stephen did not go about balancing stones on his head,' yet they chose so to paint them: 'out of earnest faith and feeling,' and all the rest of it, says Mr Bellars; but why not from sheer want of imagination? From what one knows of modern painters and their 'faith and feeling,' we confess this seems much more likely. Painters took up with religious subjects in those times, not because they themselves were religious, but because those subjects were the only popular ones.

Mr Bellars of course denies that art is a matter of taste. But after all, that is what it comes to. It is certainly not a matter of fact. Nothing can be more absurd, for example, than to admire the old masters because they are old masters; a stupidity which led some painters of late years even to

imitate their acknowledged shortcomings, such as stiffness, angularity, and want of perspective. Nor is it true that even the most accomplished connoisseur can always distinguish between an old master and an imitation. We have seen some notable mistakes of this sort made within the last few years by the highest authorities; where stolen pictures of the utmost value have been hawked about, and pooh-poohed as palpable forgeries by those to whom they were offered for sale—because they were offered at a cheap price.

Though the pretence of picture-impostors has been exposed a hundred times, imposture still goes on. Every one knows the story of Michael Angelo's 'Sleeping Cupid,' which he buried, that the art-critics of his day might find it, and recognise it for a priceless bequest of antiquity! Mignard painted a Magdalen so much after Guido's manner that it deceived that prince of art-critics, Le Brun, who not only paid two thousand crowns for it, but wanted to bet three hundred louis that it was Guido's. 'Well, the picture I painted,' said Mignard, 'was done over the portrait of a cardinal;' and with a pencil dipped in oil he removed a lock of the Magdalen, and shewed a cardinal's hat. The famous 'Innocent Impostors' of Bernard Picart, a set of prints professedly from the designs of the old masters, deceived the whole art-world of his time, as a similar work would doubtless deceive them now, though without abating their arrogance. The unhappy fact being, that the intrinsic merit of a work is nothing in their opinion compared with an established name.

Mr Bellars, to do him justice, is above this weakness. He has given, for the thousandth time, a definition of Beauty, which is at least original: he says it is *the intrinsic perception of goodness*. 'If we have to think and argue with ourselves about it, it is not beautiful to us.' According to this theory, Le Brun was right enough in his judgment of Mignard's picture, and ought to have stuck to it, which we may be sure he didn't. Though not quite coinciding with some of our author's ideas, he is generally quite plain and straightforward, even upon such a subject as *chiaroscuro*,* about which perhaps more rubbish has been spoken and written than on any other. He points out that the effects of nature in this line can only be represented on canvas by elaborate artifice. 'No lamp-black—even apart from its surface reflection—is so dark as a cleft in a rock; no whiteness which the painter can produce, when seen in the ordinary suffused light of a room, equals the effect of a white object under the direct rays of the sun. Yet Claude and Turner have painted the sun, and the glow of nature under its influence, and the deficiency in force does not strike us.' This is effected by the ingenious use of contrast. The sea-bird which seems white against the cliff will seem dark against the bright sky. On the other hand, it is true that some great masters have scorned these devices, though they seem reasonable enough. Michael Angelo, for example, worked in fresco, 'exhibiting therein a breadth and generalised treatment, both of form and colour, such as to raise the mind at once above the idea of deceptive representation.' He even ventured upon an observation, not often quoted by artists, that 'oil-paint-

ing was an occupation fit only for women and children.' He would probably have entertained the same opinion as Mr Bellars does of Gustave Doré's 'Christ Leaving the Pretorium,' wherein the prominence and dignity of the central figure, obtained by making every leading line of the picture converge upon the same point, is here likened to the conjurer's trick of 'forcing a card.' Our author does not certainly hesitate to attack great public favourites. He accuses Landseer, for example, of passing the boundary-line which divides legitimate exaggeration from caricature. 'No dog smiles like the glossy-coated spaniel in the "Alexander and Diogenes;" and the supercilious *hauteur* of the hound-footman is still less doggish.'

Much of Mr Bellars's book is, as we have shewn, both intelligent and entertaining; but perhaps the best part of it is his examples of *colour* from the poets, drawn from the works of Shelley, Coleridge, and Wordsworth. He shews us how superior are the lines of these genuine poets to those of mere 'word-painters,' and how not only the scene is expressed by them, but the sentiment. Thus, in Tennyson's *In Memoriam*—and in the same poem, by-the-by, in which occurs perhaps the finest description of the dawn of day in our language—he points out an admirable representation of twilight:

The doubtful dusk revealed
The knolls once more, where, couched at ease,
The white kine glimmered, and the trees
Laid their dark arms about the field;

the last line of which 'exactly conveys the weird effect of spreading trees in an imperfect light.'

Again, in the same chapter (upon 'Verbal Poetry'), he culls some very interesting specimens of what he calls 'thought-rhymes' from the Bible, and arranges them in their rhythmical form. In the 135th Psalm, verses from 15 to 18 are thus presented to us:

'The idols of the heathen are silver and gold,
The work of men's hands.
They have mouths, but they speak not;
Eyes have they, but they see not;
They have ears, but they hear not;
Neither is there any breath in their mouths.
They that make them are like unto them:
So is every one that trusteth in them.'

The whole book, indeed, is evidently the product of a sincere and earnest mind, well stored, and capable of unusual appreciation. He has a rare reverence for what is sublime, and we may add divine; and yet does not scorn mere niceties. His account of the 'Asonante' verses—used by the Spaniards, and copied from them by Mrs Browning—is, for instance, well worth reading. In these verses 'the same sound does not necessarily recur, but one comes in its place sufficiently like it to suggest a correspondence between the two; thus, in the *Dead Pan* of our great poetess,

Neptune lies beside the *trident*,
Dull and senseless as a *stone*,
And old Pluto, dead and *silent*,
Is cast out into the *sun*;
Ceres smileth stern *thereat*,
"We all now are *desolate*—
Now Pan is dead."*

* This alarming word might be simply translated, 'the science of light and shade,' but that would make it too commonplace.

* We have italicised all the terminating words, as our author has done so, but as a matter of fact, only *trident* and *silent* are 'Asonante' rhymes; all the rest are what is termed 'allowable.'

A much more remarkable instance of this kind of rhyme is to be found in Shelley (where, however, it was probably not designed), in the lines:

I can give not what men call love;
But wilt thou accept not
The homage the Heart lifts above,
And the Heavens reject not?

For which contempt of poetic rules and regulations, as Macaulay would have said, 'any school-boy' would have been whipped.

Of the use (and abuse) of stained glass, Mr Bellars has some excellent advice to offer. Any effort at landscape in this art, he shews to be out of place, the colour not being painted on the glass (as some suppose), but given to it in the course of manufacture. 'There is no merit whatever,' he says, 'in the attempt to do anything which is out of harmony with the materials and methods at the disposal of the artist. . . . The Munich stained glass, for example, is admired by most people for the very quality which it ought not to possess, that, namely, of attempted realism.'

On the other hand, our author combats Mr Ruskin's views on the absurdity of form and elegance in a railway-station, and justly asks why that description of building need be ugly, in which people pass on the whole more spare time, in which they have nothing else to do than to admire, than in any other.

On the whole, we can cordially recommend this volume; for, while true to his colours, and magnifying his office—or rather his subject—Mr Bellars does not, as some art-writers do, overwhelm us with big words and high-sounding eulogy. Art has very elevating effects, and much more distinct uses than is generally understood; but it is also the very stronghold of affectation: chiefly for this reason, that patrons—flattered by their parasites—imagine that they are shewing good taste, and even considerable intelligence, when, in fact, their admiration of art is upon no higher intellectual level than their pretended craze for old china.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A FEW weeks ago, in the article, 'What to do with Money,' we offered a word of warning against making investments in fraudulently got-up concerns, and in particular advised every one to 'shun railways, mines, and other undertakings in the United States.' Since then, some remarkable statistics regarding defaulting railways in the States have been given in a New York newspaper. From these we learn, that from 1873 to the 1st January 1876, the bonds of defaulting railway companies amounted to seven hundred and eighty-three million, nine hundred and sixty-seven thousand, six hundred and sixty-five dollars; or about a hundred and fifty-six millions sterling. Altogether, there seem to be seventy-four defaulting companies—that is to say, companies which cannot pay their borrowed money, independently of their embarrassments otherwise. Nearly a third of the money was borrowed from English investors. In the face of this fact, it seems little short of madness for people in this country to invest a shilling in American railway undertakings. All

American railways are, of course, not financially deceptive; but who at the distance of three thousand miles, and without any power of discrimination amidst no end of lying reports, can get at the truth on the subject?

The constant occurrence of deaths from the foolish practice of pointing guns at persons, under the impression that the weapons are unloaded, calls for some severe punishment. A correspondent of *The Times* makes a sensible suggestion on the subject. 'It is, of course,' he says, 'an assault merely to point a gun or pistol at any one, but whenever it happens to result fatally, the accused person usually gets off scot-free; he is usually very sorry, and every one feels that he is really a sufferer by the transaction. So he may be, and I would suggest that he be made really a sufferer. I would suggest that it should be made an offence punishable by imprisonment for three or six months with hard labour to point a gun or pistol at any one. It should be no excuse that the gun was not loaded or was thought to be unloaded. I think this would stop the abominable practice.'

A certain sea-side town has been considerably puffed into notoriety as a suitable resort for persons seeking health, on account of the quantity of ozone in the atmosphere. We will not dispute the fact, but it may be doubted whether one sea-side town more than another naturally possesses any specially large amount of ozone. What, however, is ozone? That is a question more easily asked than answered. It appears to be a highly concentrated condition of the oxygen which forms the peculiarly vital part of the atmosphere, and is produced through electrical agency. The mechanical action of pure air over vegetation is productive of ozone, but still more manifestly is this subtle quality produced by the dashing of waves and spray against the air. These lashings of air and sea mixed are, electrically speaking, in the nature of one substance rubbing on another. They evoke ozone, which being inhaled in breathing, gives a stimulus to the constitution. Hence, the benefit to health from a sea-voyage, or a residence at a pleasant sea-side resort. We learn from a paper read by Mr Binney at a recent meeting of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, that the atmosphere of towns may be sensibly ozonised, and of course improved in quality by the action of public fountains. He says: 'A water fountain may be regarded as a hydro-electric machine, the friction of the water issuing through the jets developing electric action, materially assisted by the conversion of the spray into aqueous vapour. I would suggest that this fact should be prominently brought before municipal bodies, to induce them to erect fountains in all available places in large cities, as sanitary agents. They might prove highly beneficial in crowded localities.' It need only be added, that the delicate and wholesome freshness of the air after a rattling thunder-shower in summer is very much due to the development of ozone. The subject of ozone, in its various phases, is at present engaging the attention of scientific inquirers, and we may soon hear more about it.

An attempt to explain the cause of the extraordinary corruptions prevailing among public

administrators in the United States, and now attracting public attention in Europe, is made by two of the leading London journals. The *Fall Mall* imputes much of the evil to 'the smallness of official salaries,' along with the vulgar taste for living extravagantly. Not being paid properly for his public services, and having no hereditary wealth to fall back upon, the official makes up for deficiencies by speculation or taking bribes to promote jobs and monopolies. We do not doubt that there is much truth in this conjecture; but it is not the whole truth. Official life in the States has become a trade in the hands of the least respectable of the population. Men of any mark shun it with disgust, not only, perhaps, from a matter of sentiment, but from the superior attractions of ordinary enterprise. The *Saturday Review* presents an analysis of the origin and education of the seventy-four senators and two hundred and seventy-two representatives in Congress; from which it is seen that a large proportion began life humbly, and enjoyed only the elements of school education. A number of them, for example, began life as farm-labourers, and worked their way on by skill and perseverance. While the facts disclosed make it obvious that, in the United States, the humblest citizens may aspire to the highest offices, it is not less certain that this facility for advancement acts detrimentally in deterring the well educated and the affluent from entering on public life. The acute observer from whom we quote, says very plainly: 'Political life has become so degraded that men of culture will have nothing to do with it. The way is thus left open for needy and half-educated adventurers who have fluency enough to repeat with effect upon the stump the commonplaces of popular oratory. They engage in log-rolling and wire-pulling and all the other practices by which Transatlantic politicians promote their own interests. Step by step they rise, and at last reach Congress. They have got on by courting the mob, by making themselves useful to men of influence, and availing themselves in turn of the services of aspiring followers. They have no knowledge or culture to grasp the principles of a broad national policy, or to perceive the defects of institutions worm-eaten by corruption. Naturally, therefore, they turn from the strange and uncongenial task of considering laws the merits and defects of which they are alike incapable of appreciating, to the practice of the arts on which they have prospered. Under their influence rings are formed and lobbying flourishes. They sell their support to the executive government for a share of its patronage. And they sell their votes to Credit Mobiliers and Railway Companies for hard cash. Their influence reacts upon the constituencies, and deepens their corruption. It extends to the Administration, lowers its moral tone, compels it to bargain for support, and surrounds it with tools fit for its purposes. And thus is brought about the state of things in which Cabinet Ministers barter away the offices in their gift, and the members of the President's family trade in government posts.' In these remarks generally there is uttered something of a note of warning. Already, in this country, many men of upright character and of sensitive minds decline to take part in public affairs, from an unwillingness to propitiate mobs of illiterate voters by pandering to their

prejudices. In short, they prefer private life with its agreeable solacements to a public career secured by a dishonest avowal of principles. Where this is to end, we know not, but the subject is worthy of consideration before it is too late. w. c.

THE HERMIT.

The following verses were written in the last century by James Beattie, son of a small farmer at Laurencekirk, in Kincardineshire. Being appointed schoolmaster of the picturesquely situated parish of Fordoun, Beattie, who had shewn poetical talent while a boy, had now ample opportunity for developing it, the result of which was that he composed many pieces—such as the *Minstrel*—of very high merit.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove :
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began :
No more with himself or with Nature at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

'Ah ! why, all abandoned to darkness and woe,
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall ?
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom inhale :
But if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay ;
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn ;
O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away :
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

'Now gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
The moon half extinguished her crescent displays :
But lately I marked, when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendour again ;
But man's faded glory what change shall renew !
Ah, fool ! to exult in a glory so vain !

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more ;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you ;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew.
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn ;
Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save.
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn !
O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave !

'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betrayed,
That leads, to bewilder ; and dazzles, to blind ;
My thoughts wout to roam, from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
"O pity, great Father of Light," then I cried,
"Thy creature, who fain would not wander from thee ;
Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride :
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free !"

'And darkness and doubt are now flying away ;
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,
And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom !
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.'

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